CERTAINE

WORTHTE MANV.

Script Poems of great Antiquitie Re-Served long in the Studie of a Northfolke Gentleman.

And now first published By F. S.

- t The statly tragedy of Guistard and Sismond.
- 2 The Northren Mothers Bleffing.
- 3 The way to Thrifte.



Imprinted at London for R.D.



To the worthiest Poet Maister Ed. Spenser.





STATELIE

Tragedie of Guistard and Sismond in two Bookes.

The first Booke.

TANCREDE the noble Prince of Salurne,
Flowre of Knighthood, and myrrour of prowesse,
The which long time his people did gouerne
Wittilie by benignitie and gentlenesse,
Iche man rejoycec of his great noblesse.
Discreete in all thing that was judiciall,
And euermore Prince-like in things imperiall.

His law he kept inftly through his Prouince,
Rigorous to vice, yet bounteous to all,
And mercifull als as euer was any Prince,
And shortly as my Doctor makis rehearfall,
His fame had neuer spot in all his gouernall,
Til hasty cruelnesse procured in greate yre
The fatall death of tweyne that loue had set on syre.





A wife he toke, which come of blood Royall,
But of what prince or yet of what linage,
What was her name, or what mendid her call,
Nought fayes mine Author: But of high parage
Men may well know, that thus in marryage
Was ioyned with so high a Prince as was Tancrede:
Therefore I passe ouer & take there of none heed.

This noble Prince Tancrede had never iffue
In time of all his life to be his heire
Saue only a doughter whome Nature & vertue
Excellently indued, so was thee good and fayre.
But ocruel destiny that mirth does oft appeyre,
And after great gladnes maketh men to morne!
Better had Tancrede bene that childe had never
(be borne.

But all that was full ferre fro his minde,

He red not in the booke of her Destinye,

Her fatall chaunce was to him derke and blinde;

Let all this passe: This childe was put to notye,

Daily she increased in fauour and beaute

So that when her nonage passed and her youth

Her noble same& beaute was in ich mans mouth.





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GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

If I should discrive this beauteous creature;
Nature had her specially in remembrance:
For the was well fetured & seemly of stature,
Her chere was rudey according to pleasaunce;
Aspere it was to lovers her goodly countenance,
Her beautie not made be signement ne other gere
But of her kinde as Nature gaue to her:

She excelled in beauté Vlixes Ladie fayre
Penelope of Greece, and eke fayre Helene:
Hypolita also, and Emely her sister
Might not compare with her, nor Polixyne:
Instedsast loue she passed Dido the Queene;
Faithfull and true without daungerous disdaine,
Curteys and deboneyre, she was not sullein.

As for to speake of her pregnant wit,

Her persite minde, and her intelligence,

No thing was so heard, but she conceived it;
In ferre sottell casting she had experience:

What should I say more but shortly in sentence,

She knew more happily than was expedient

Vnto any woman, or ellis convenient.

B.





Like as the vnhappie fader of vsine had no more,
But this child onely, so loued he her truely:
His heart, his mind, his loue was set on her so sore,
That if she were abset him thought he shuld die;
So that in his minde he is determind vtterly
Euer to keepe his daughter with him in his sight,
And neuer to graunt her in marriage to no wight:

The Princys royall, to whome of high fauour
Fortune had grauntit great inheritance,
Desyren this feyre Lady to their Paramour
Euer to be true withouten variance
And so by matrimony to make Aliance.
But the Cupid hit them with his firie dart
Yet nolde her fader suffer her to depart.

So shortly for to tell, this maide fro her desire
Was also needly compellit to abstaine:
Tho lustie youth and corage brent her as syre,
Yet mought she neuer pleasure of her loue atBut euer contemned, still living in paine (taine,
Till many of her lustie yeris were agoo,
Her owne cruell fader did her all this woo;







ENERGE ENERGY

GVISTARD MND SISMOND.

It fortund in a time I wot not in what wife
Wheder that her fider had compassion
Vpon her great woe, or ellis for som promise
Of good riches, or of possession,
But shortly to Champayn the Dukes sonne
He graunted his doughter to hauem marriage;
A man of blood royals and of high parage.

It needith not rehers the rich Apparell
Of those two louers the day of their wedding:
Or to my purpose what may hit auaile
To tell of the curious feest, and the guyding?
All this I passe ouer, and make no tarying:
I speke not of the myrth & melody that was there,
But for a conclusion, thus wedded they were.

Of forrowfull morning now is the clowdie night
By the fyre of love driven farre away,
The feruet fun of plefance shineth now fulbright,
His fresh lustic bearnes hath turned night to day,
Now may she dace & sing now hath she lust to play.
For ever after mourning the mirth is the sweter,
And after great sorrow the joy shalbe the greater.



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MANAGER ENERGY

THE TRAGEDIE OF

But as lustie Phoebus with his fierie beames
When his golden Carrehath raught into the west,
Anon he withdrawes his hore brenning streames
And then aperith Phoebe out of her cloudyness,
Then comes the night when al men drawn torest,
Yntill on the morrow that Lucifer appeare
Called the Day-starre, the daies messengere.

Right so the feruent Sun of her lusty pleasance.
Was wrapped with weeping of the cloudy raine:
For within little space of continuance
After their wedding, Death parted hem tweyne,
Iwot not by what meane: her Lord her soueraine
By sicknesse or by battell I can no knowlech haue,
But shortly this Duke-is son is dede in his graue.

Alas departure ground of all heauinesse,
Causing the darke night of cloudie divorse!
O cruell Death, I meane destruction of gladnesse
Disdaining the pleasure of this wosull corse!
Why would thou thus with thy malicious force
Eclipse the cleerenesse of this her joyfull day
Bringing forth the night, and care, and wele-away?
Falsely





Taking from her him that the loued best.
Alas thou art the common theefe of Nature
That hast take from her all ease and herts rest.
Wold God on thee the mought call a Quest
Of Louers, and then for all thine art
Thou shouldyst be do to death with thin owne dart.

What needith it to speake of thine Enuy?
When this world we man shall never be the better
For that hath be the cause of all her Malady
If it be rehersed, it makys her wo the greater,
Wherefore my pen shall write therof no letter:
But thus this woman wepith, & can none other rede,
It helpeth her nothing, for her make is dede.

How shall she now be fuled, shee takis her councell
Denoide of comfort, for her lacks her guide:
Anon she hath coclud within her mind right well
At home with her fader she thinkith to abide,
And there to leave her sorrow if it would betide
Whereas all her penance first of all was take;
So wedow to her fader she comith in clothis blake.

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Things



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Things artificiall that be violent
Wrought or ellis made by cause accidental
May not ever indure for when the cause is shent
The effect thereof shall sone faide and fall.
Why should this woman then lenger, seynt, or pall,
Syth the cause of her mourning is fro her mind yeast
The death of her Husband is so fer-since past?

If still she bide, and dwell ever still
In wofull care to continue and indure,
Within short time she should her selfe spill:
For forrow is a poyson which no man may cure,
It bringeth hearts proude full low vnto the lure,
It maketh strength to faide and also Beaute,
It is the greatest malady that to man may be.

So the still bided in hir faders house,
Young and coragious also in high degree,
With affluence of all thing that was delicious:
But when at last the gan perceive and see
That for love, hir Fader intendeth not that the
Should never more none other husband have,
But still to dwell with him to he be dead in grave:
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GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

Thus then hath her Fader determind vtterly
Neuer to procure for her no marriage,
And her felfe to axe it her feemed velonye,
She thought therforeto take her best aduantage,
Gife she mought etpy a man of good linage,
So that he gentil were to take her owne choyce,
And in the election her Fader should have no voice.

Now this noble Tancrede had in his houshold,
As in a Princes Court is wont for to be,
Both Lords and Knights couragious to behold,
Som gentlemen, som yemen, some of low degre,
Among these she began to looke and see
If she can any finde that were to her pleasure,
Whome she would enermore loue while she might
(endute.)

So dayly in her minde the was full diligent,

For to note ech man in his demeanance:

But Guistard to loue is only her intent,

And he right well knew by the apearance

Ofher chere and her chaunged countenance

That of brennyng loue the dauncedin the trace,

Which hath bound her heart with his goldin lace.





But where she set her love he wist in no case,
Till ones he fortuned to stond before this Lady,
And she beholding him with deadly pale face
Not speaking o word, she sighed greatly
And anon with that she can withdraw her eye
Casting downe her looke farre vnto the ground,
So womanly shamfast she sat a greate stound.

And when this young louer now brought in loues
Of her entent had such experience (daunce
He was not dull of wit, but gaue attendance,
Her to serue and please he did his diligence,
Cupid hath smitten him with so great feruence
Of loue, that their hearts be together bound,
Both perished with one dart, two louers with one
(wound;

Right ioyfull he was that he stode in such grace
Of this faire Lady But ever he drad fortune:
Alas he seyth thy where turneth in litle space
Thy double chere vnstable never will continue,
More variant then is the slitting Lune:
I feare that thou will cause my Lady soueraigne
Vpon my simple birth of daunger to distaine.





Yet know I her heart so true and so stedfast
And shee began also to proffer loue,
Why should I then feare or ellis be agast
Or put default in her? O mercie god aboue!
For all treasure in earth it wouldnot me behoue.
That my hearts ioy, my ladie hereof wist
That I shuld put in her any such mistrist.

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And percase that if shee loued mee not,
Yet would I in her seruice still perseuer:
Mee nead not by reason argue, for I wot
Loue hath her heart imbrast me to loue euer,
What should I shortly say? for they had leuer
Yeh of hem die than to part fro other,
More feruently they loued than sister or broder.

So betweene hem both that loued on this wife
They defired only for their great pleasaunce
By some sottle meane how they mought deuise
For to speake togeder and haue their dalliaunce.
They will not put noe trist ne noe affiaunce
To any on liue their matter for to tell,
But euer to hemselues they kept it counsell:





Till it fell on a time of a sudden aduise

The Lady found a mean that was a great cautell,
As oft it faris that women bin sone wise
And in a sudden case they bee right suttell:
Shee tels him her intent by wrighting euerie
And the letter closed in a reed-spyre (deale
Shee tooke it to Guistard for to sturthe fire.

Guistard remembred well that for som privie cause
The reed was take to him, he did it some onclose,
And when he saw the letter, made a little pause
Sitting in a studie and anon he rose
And to reade this letter can himselfe dispose,
The which the Ladie made of her owne inditing
She was her own secretarie, it was her owne writing.

The tenor of this letter was this and all the effect:
I fendyou greting with hart & loue entere
Not bold by reherfall my counfell to detect
For dredful hamfastnes. Wherforethis messegere
Shal do this enterprise whose contenance chere
Changeth for no sham; therfore these letters blake
I pray you disdaine not to read them for my sake.
Certefying





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Certefying you all my herts pleasaunce
All my worlds rest, my ioy and comfor ture,
That my life, my deth, as in a balance
Dependith and hangith only in your cure,
In you alone is put mine Auenture:
Wherefore I require you that you be not strange,
For I ensure you verily my hert shall never change.

And I trow certaine that your gentill hert
Disceineth not my foue, nor is not dangerous
Considering your birth, and your great pouerty,
And I a Ladie both young and beauteous:
For Cupid knoweth right well & his moder VeThat only for your vertue and your gentilnes (nus
I set my loue on you and for no great riches.

But because also my Fader hath made an othe
That I shall neuer wed while he is living,
To suffer me depart from him he is loth:
Yet lustie youth like as the fire brenning
Hath chose you for my souereyn all my life enAnd also fortune of her high fauour (during,
Hath shewed me the meane to saue all our honour.
Remem-





Remember there is fast by my faders place
A dungeon deepe & strong farre vnder ground
The which at his entry has no more space
But an hole aboue that litle is and round,
And because it is not vsed ne is found,
With bushes and briers it is ouergrow
So that the dungeon deep ther may no man know.

Be

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Out from thilke pit is there a secret way

By a posterne dore that stands full preuely

Strong bars, and posts, both with locke and key

That leadith to the Chamber where as I

Am wont of custom insleping for to lye,

And by great dis-use this way is out of minde,

This little dore this posterne can no man finde.

Till at the last loue to whome nought is hid,
The which for every fore can finde a remedye,
This way into my minde fone hath reducid:
But shortly I taried not but hastly did me hie
To vnbarre and vnlock I can looke and spy,
And at the last with great paine and beesy labore
I have found all the crast for to vndoe this doore.
Be





Be my selfe alone I went into the caue,
I saw the little hole where is the entering
How and in what wise ye may your selfe saue
Agein all manner perils in theder comming,
The hight and the depenes I send you be writing
So that you need not dread for no misauenture,
Ye know where & whan you may have your plefure.

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And after this in her inditing
There was a little clause for a conclusion
As is the common vsage in each writing
Whose name should be called Subscription;
She wrot ther By your owne, and made no mentio
Of her name: till after a great stound
With sighing sore she added to, Sismond.

What maruaile now if he be not penfine?

Now he hath rad this letter of comfort

And from his deedly forrow turns againe to line,

Sith he has almost rought the lustic port

Of pleasance, lust folace and of all disport;

Where fore he hasteth full besely and hieth

To meet his Ladie as the letter specifieth.

Who





Who now but this Guistard with his diligence
To this pleasant Iourney spedith him apace:
Euery houre that he is out of her presence,
Him seemeth for to be a thousand yere of space:
But tho the sluggish carkasse be far fro her face
Yet with the slighty wings of amorous desire
He is cuer in her service brenning as the sire.

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A cord he let adoun anon of great length,
And fast vnto a Bough aboue he did it tye
Fret all full of knots tufficient of strength
By which into the pit he mought himself couey,
To close himselfe in ledder also he did puruey
Fro bushes and fro briers to kepe himsewre:
And thus towards the pit he went in this armour.

The bright eye of the world when that the shining Withdrawith, and also Titan with his sparkling Then this young louer takith his iourney (light, Towards the foresaid pit:abiding there al night Till on the morrow Aurora shone full bright; Whe som haukith, som huntith, som to their labour, Then gins this Ladie to com out from her towre. Remem-





Remembring her well, when the night was gone,
Of their couenants made by just appointment.
All her gentyl-men and maydens euerychone
To her garden to sport and play she sent
Feyning her to be sick, and for that intent
She said to her chamber ageyn she would forth right
To taken rest and slepe if the might.

The dores & the windowes she closed anon ful sure,
Then towards the dungeon took she the right way
Where she found Gustard her herts pleasure:
Ioyfully they kissed, Then she gan to say,
Gramercy fortune that I may see this day
To speake with him that is my worldly pleasaunce,
In whome is all my trust and affiaunce.

She brought him toher chaber this Lady beauteous,
Her fresh apparrell full Lusty was and gay,
Her surcose of gold furryd with Ermin precious,
A fayre mirror of Lone her beautie and ary:
So shortly for to tell I can no more say;
But construe if ye can, louers, what they did,
For I can no more, but long they there abid.

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And when them seemed best they parted in sondre,
Not long they tary, ne dayly their sports vie,
For dayly comming maketh men to wonder,
And eke long taryaunce makith men to muze,
But cheisely womens shrewd tongues will accuse
Your noble same, and sey your life is nought,
Tho neuer ye do offend in word no thought.

Wisely they prouided to eschew infamy,
And for all thing secret moughe be kept
Into the garden went she full hastely,
Where that her maydens pleyd thinking she slept,
And at night Guistard out of the pit crept:
So comming thus, and by night parting away,
Continued they their pleasure till after many a day,

That fortune alas by treason falsly compast,
Bewrayed all their counsell of misauenture,
All their lusty pleasance turned at the last
Into cruell deth at their departing:
O thou false fortune that ever is onsure,
Bringing herts light to wo when they be well,
It seems thou art not able for to rule thy whele!



GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

It is next in our processe to speake of Tancrede The noble Prince her fader, which of great fre-Of tender loue & Ielousymore then need, (quêce So he delyted in her speche and eloquence, That he vs d of custome vnder cares pretence To come vnto the Chamber of his doughter feyre,

Explicit Liber primus.

And after they had talkyd, agayne home to repeyre.

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ARECE ENERGY

THE SECOND booke of Guistard and Sismond.

In the mery season of Summer sevre and hot,
When every thing renewith by course of nature,
And winter with his frosty beard and siesed cote
Is put into exile and may no lenger dure,
Then Summer geuith his livery with besy cure,
New clothing all the Earth in a lusty greene
All browderid full of flowers right fieshly to seene.

Sterring harts light in gardens to walke,
So did this Lady Sismond for her pleasaunce
In this fresh season, plucking flowres fro their stalk
She made her garlod wherwith she thought to dauce:
But in the meane while, alas the vihappy chaunce,
Her Fader, of a Custom as he was wont to do,
Only to talk with her is to her garden go.

But



ARECE PRESENTANT

GVIST ARD AND SISMOND.

But when he perceiuit the was in her disport,
Right loath he was to let her recreation,
He would for nothing his doughter discomfort,
Neither disquiet her till the had all done,
Forth into the champer entred he full sone
The curteyns were draw by the bed side,
He sat behind the curtein his doughter to abide.

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And as he sat still, sleep didhim encumbre,
He waxed all vality and also somnolent,
Then to the bed lened he began to slumbre.
O thou vatristie for une what is thine entent?
To distroy this Lady it seemith thou hast ment.
Where thou may be wray, it is not kept counsell;
That should be counsely kept, thou tellist enery deal.

O princis doughter Sismond infortunate by birth,
O houre vnhappy when thou began to solourne
With Loue in his Palace: The pleasant Sun of
Ys comin to his hiest, & beginnith toturne. (mirth
O slow malicious meeuer, thou cursed Saturne,
I trow by some enuy or malicious aspect
Of all this feruent loue thou hast broken the affect.
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Poore





Poore Sismond thinking no deceyt he guile
Partid fro her maydens & to her chamber went,
And so forth to the pit: wher in a little while
She found her Guistard all readye present,
For a little before (alas) for him she sent:
And when they wer in comin, they put no mistrist,
They know no body there, they did what they list.

Now when her fader see the abhominable Crime
After he was out of his sleepe awake
He thought have cryed: but for a litle tyme
It seemed him best to let his anger slake
And easily within himselfe this payne to take:
He made no stirring, but sat ever still
Till they had done their pleasure at their owne will.

And after that departed as before.

Guistard to the pit, and she to her women:
Her wofull fader would tarry there no more,
But home he went in hast, and callyd for his men,
Of which he sent a certain to the den
For to take Guistard when he should goe hence,
And so to present him to the Kings presence.

When





When this man come vp, anon they him arrest,
With dread and pale visage for dread he shooke,
All they had ruth on him both most and least,
But forth in that Array they there him tooke,
They brought him to the Prince, & he did on him
For great wrath and anger very pale of chere, (loke,
Seying vnto Guistard as ye shullen after heare:

Guistard, he seyd, my loue and tender fanor, (you The mekenes & genryll hert that I have shewd to Hath nothing deserved so great a dishonor To mee and mine as ye have doe right now, Seing my selfe all thing, what ye did and how: That truly so I mought my worship keepe and saue, I would I were dede and beryed in my grave.

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This great rebuke and contumele went even to the Of Guistard that for shame cannot speake o word, Till at the last with corage forth he stert, Saying no more but this Remebreth wel myLord, Experience I trow will to my sentence accord: The mightie power of Loue is a stronger bond Then other ye or I am able to withstond.



ENERGEREE

THE TRAGEDIE OF

But all his excuse was evin samfayll,
So was his mind with malice and the obumbrate.
Alas where malice reigneth may non excuse avail,
A great abusion is a ruler to be passionate.
O ye princis therefore to whom of high estate,
The guiding is committed of noble nations,
Wellought ye take heed to rule your passions.

Permit not your willfull Sensualite,
Geinst wildoms councell for to put restreant:
Be not ruld only by your volunte,
Oppressing by power him that is weak and feynt,
Whereby your noble fame is hurt and attaynt:
It causeth your people also in tyme of your distresse.
To withdraw their fauour and herry faithfullnes.

To every glosing tale give no credence,

Let not hasty cruelnes guide vour judgment:

Remember well or ye define your sentence,

What shalbe the end and what the hole intent:

Rule your selfe discretly by good auisement:

Remember the proverbiall seving long agoo,

A cruell hasty man shall never lack of woo:

Preeued





Preeued well by Tancredes cruell hastinesse,
Committing Guist and anon to close preson,
Putting him in Irons and in great distresse,
As a traytor guiltie of false prodicion,
And afterwards alastagein all reason
This innocent was do to deth so cruelly,
That ech man abhorrith to here that tyranny.

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What man of his wit is so dull and herd,
That cannot think herby of sorrow augmentatio?
The gret thought this Lady had for her Guistard
Sore trobled in her sleep by fearefull vision,
Her mind was set or him with such oppression,
That both of wele and wo all his auenture
Was shewed her in sleep by a feyned figure.

I trow she see full dreadfull visions and dreamis
When her loue was presoned in that wofull night,
In weeping her eyne waterid like two streemis,
And euer she thought Guistard stood in her sight
Holding a cup of gold, with an hert al blody dight,
Himselfe eke sprent with blood did her salue,
Seying: Farewell Sismond, thys is my last adieu. *
She





She thought her answere was to him anone,
Alas will ye so sone make a departure,
And voyd of comfort leue me thus alone?
Ye shall not so dere hert: For certain I ensure,
I shall but once drinke and do my besy cure
To go with you euer how so your lourney turne
Mine hert and yours shall ay togeder soiourne.

And fodenly with that out of her slepe she stert

As a woman from her self, she was so fore dismaid,
She thought of very deth the sword went to her
And thus weeping by her selfe she prayed: (hert,
O myrror of all women Mary she seyd,
From all shame and velony my lone & me defend,
And helpe that my dreme to me none pretend.

All these and many mo thing is conventurall
May well be ymagined by persuation:
But all this is seyning as dreme fantasticall,
And theref mine Author makith no mencion,
So that I think to make no manner digression,
Encreasing any thing that is not pertinent
To my first purpose or to mine entent.

Wherfore

E





Wherefore I will proceede to speake of Sismond,
Which of Guistards curesse had no notice
Saue only by her dreams, till after a great stound
Tancrede to her challer com as was his old guise,
And she anon with reuerence did again him rise
Welcoming her fader with obeysant lowlines,
The which seyd ynto her as I shall expresse:

Doughter Sylmond, he seys, your womanly Ap port,
Your vertuous talke and carefull demenaunce,
Your stedfast hert and guidance gaue me such
Trusting in your here with hole assiaunce, (cofort
That ye of voluptuous Venus the lusty pleasance
Without assent giuen, meane of mariage,
Would not have take your selfe leave for all your
(corage.

But well I see my wit was dull and blynd,

For sure I would have demid the great occasion

Shuld sooner have dryed flaming agein kinde,

The ye wold ever have thought to be a mis-woma;

For had I not seen the deed in what place & wha,

Shuld never man have causit me have supposail

Ere that you would so done but in your spousail.

Remem-



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maid, o her (hert,

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erfore



Remember well what hurt therefore and damage
Ye did vnto your birth and blood royall,
When ye like women of brothel and proftrage
Toke what com to hond as the chauce would fall:
It feemisye put no difference twixt Get & ChriAll one to you a flint and a Diamond,
(stall:
Peasin as good as Perles orient and round.

From all womanhode you be degeneraunt,
Which of worshipps souerance is ever desperous;
But we pervert all this, ye be so variaunt,
Taking in steed of worship, but voluptuous,
And sike sly the offence were not so grieuous
Hadye taken such as had be commendable,
To your noble birth or elis convenable.

F

But in all this region yt feemith by your choyce,
Lord, knight, ne squire was none to your pleasure
Of royall blood, in whome ye couth reioyce,
Saue only poore Guistard, whose birth & aueture
Fortune of discain hath take no thing in cure:
Which for great pouert in time of misery,
Without my releife had dyed for penury.
So





So that my creuell deth dayly doth renew,
Death? nay more then deth I may call it truly
Percing my brest ay fresh, new and new,
By the shamefast swerd rebuke and velony,
Which you have do Sismond to all our Ancetry,
Chusing such one to be my Londs inheritaunt
As is by birth ignoble and poore mendicant.

Wherefore I verely purpose to represse

His great inhaunced pride and great presumtion

Condemning for his 1yot in payne and duresse,

Intending the lawshall have due execution,

Shortly shall he die, this is the conclusion

Veterly I am determined for his great offence:

But of you Sismond I give yet no sentence.

For I may refemble as in my ragious minde,
A ship without anckre, lacking sterne also
In stormy rage of every furious winde,
It is a thing vnstable waving to and fro,
Semblable now am I one of thoo:
My doubtfull minde is brought in perplexité,
And cast fro side to side twixt instice and pité

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So



Furst iustice meueth me to do correction,
Rewarding euery wight to their desert,
Some loue, some payne with great affliction,
But faderly pity so stirrith my tender hert
That it sufferith mee not see nor aduert
Your criminal offence, but rather doth it excuse;
So that twixt both I stand a man confuse.

For

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And forthwith anone he fell to weping,

As a young infant fore scourged and bett,

In all worldly pleasaunce reloyced he nothing

Sorrow and shame so by the hert him fret,

Seying nothing thus sat he still and muet:

Doughter he seyd gif ye will axe mercy,

To pardon your offence for sooth I am redy.

But when Sismond saw how her love Guistard
In preson was intreted kept in yron strong,
That fortune to her also was so cruell and hard
To publish her councell that secret was so long,
With gentilles and rurals it was a commen song,
That every man within the country round
Spake of the vnhappy Guistard and Sismond.
Wherfore





Wherefore the plunged to far in pit of forrow deep,
That I trow ech hart that gentill is & tender
If I shuld tel her payne wuld also mone & wepe:
Full oft the wrung her fingers long and slender,
Seying; all wordly pleasaunce here I surrendre:
For sithence my loue Guistard is judgid for to dy,
I will doe the same, I thinke not to abye.

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Wherefore ô cursed Fortune with thy double chere
All thy great malice wholly I defy,
Setting no thing by thy devnous daungere,
Thou shall vs not depart for all thine enuy,
For our love togeder shall dwell perseverantly.
And turnid to her fader with corage and boldnes,
Seying as in this booke myne Author doth witnes:

Tancrede, the feyd, Fader if I shuld ye call,
Nother will I denie it, nor prey you of fauour.
The furst it will helpe me nothing at all,
Sith ye haue full knowledge of my Paramour:
But for the second, to axe grace or succour,
I will not axe no grace for that in no wife,
Nor of your grace and fauour aske no benefice.
So





So that I knowlich plainly all mine entent,
My loue is fet on Guistard, & hath be many a day,
And shalbe when my spirit and soule is went
From the brotle mansion of this bodies clay:
If nature would me helpe meane to puruey
That I mought execute mine affection and will,
Yet would I after my deth euer loue him still.

And If ye thinke this Loue so great a cryme,
For sooth the cause thereof was your negligence
When in youth and corage my lusty prime
The brenning fire of loue with so great feruence,
Persid myne hert: And yet your cruell insolence
Would not me suffer for all my great payne
After myne husbands deth be marryed againe.

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Hadye well learned the doctrine of prudence,
Ye wold remember your substance materiall,
I trow it should be imprinted in your advertence,
That you bene made of matter freale and carnall,
Right so am I your doughter by vertue seminall;
I am nother of stone yron ne brasse,
But offlesh and blood more brekill than the glasse.





Altho your head be white snowid for age,
Your frosty lims eke be vinweldy and cold,
The hete my extinct of your lusty corage,
Right well ought ye for sooth consider & behold
How hote is youth with brenning pricking maniAssayling ech man be he neuer so haute
(fold
With many a syry darr and hote brenning assays.)

Aboue all thing ye shuld have memory,
Tho ye have spent most of your lusty season
In arms of knighthoode and of cheualiye,
Yet shuld ye not foryet, as seemis by reason,
Ease, rest, and dilicates what great incheason
They give to sterre a man to corage hote feruent,
As well in crooked age as lusty Invent.

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All these occasions I had and many moo

By which I menid was so gretly desirous,

Borne by Natures course of slesh and blood also,

Of corage suity young and amorous,

Fosterid also in pleasaunce and metes delicious:

And that that stirred most, & was my cheife motife,

The experience therof sith I was a wife.

But





Ye think not your youth which is past & goo,
Ye may well resemble him in your demeanaunce
Which fell into thewater with others one or two,
But after he was deliuered of his care and wo
Thought nothing at all where he had bin beforne,
His fellows he rebukith, laughing them to scorne.

And if ye haply couth rule your passions

Nor let nought by their force and violence,
Yet mought not my frailté geinst such occasions
Make no champarty nor no great defence,
My hert was not so big to make resistence:
So at last woundid, at last with loues firie launce
I was subdued as prisoner to Castle of Pleasaunce.

Nathelesse with deuour I put my diligence
All sklaunders and infamie to auoid and eschew,
And fortune of her fauour gaue vs assistence
Our lusty sport oft tymes for to renew:
We thought her promise had be stedfast & true,
Blandeshing vs euer with countnaunce and chere
As tho the sun of pleasaunce shuld shine euer clere.

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GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

But now I see right wel shee ginneth for to change,
Sith ye of all our counsell haue plainly notice,
Such is false fortune, ay variant and strange:
But how ye come to knowledge or in what wise
My wit is rude and dull, I can it not deuise;
Whether by experience or by information,
By force prestigious, or some superstition.

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And wold God your knowlech were certain & true
Not meued ne made by false suggestion,
Ye wold not then your doughter thus pursue
Seing that I erre in mine election
Taking no sad guiding or direction:
But let my reuell ren at the hole chaunce,
I nas not so fool-hardy without deliberance.

For I set not my loue ne my fatall intent
Of sudden hap as a comen velayne,
But with deliberation and auisement
I gaue my loue to Guistard as my Souerayn,
And truly to no mo, this is, certayne:
Wherefore ye be to blame fader, yt semith mee,
Tosey my loue was to ych in like free.





THE TRAGEDIE OF

As to the great represent also contriued,
Which alder first agen me ye object,
Seing of pleasaunce my ship was ariued
In a port that was ignoble and despect,
I mean that Guistard was pore and desect
Hauing no part of noblesse by discent,
Which maketh my fault greater after judgment:

But as in this ye follow the vnstable vulge Clacking and blasting, variant as the winde As fame the flying messenger can disulge Their rude opinions ignorant and blinde, Seing it is a prouer be sufficient and kinde Hee that is not borne to habundance of good But needy for powert, is not of gentle blood.

Thus by fondreasons daylie talking they erre
Not thinking how fortune fro her vnstable center
Plongeth downe Estats fro her wheele aferre
When she list of daunger to frowne & repent her:
But would they first weigh the original enter
Of our common birthin all our first beginning
Brought forth into this world poor naked & weping,
Then





GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

Then should they remember who were of noblesse,
Who might intitle him to the blood royall:
They should see how Nature whith her befinesse,
Brings forth her effect & wondrous gifts all,
Being as in her birth to every man egall:
For as naked is a king borne as I vnderstond
As is the lowist borne that never had house ne lond.

For when our moder Eue brought forth Abell and Who couth prefer himselfe for birth or linage, Or of these two infants who couth the title clame Of gentle blood of noblesse or parage?

That time no difference was twixt gentle & page, But every one was fayn to endeuour His living to get with sweat and with labour.

Of all this time was none bond in servage,
Was none by service under subjection,
Till that the people gan to rule and rage
Guiding hemselfe by will and not by reason
Offending their lawes by their transgression.
Then of right and suffice they must be correct
Of one their soueraigne, and they to him subject.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF

But he that should bee ruler and have regency
May not of right bee such as a transgressour:
Agen all due order of nature is it trewly
That vice shold sit about as governour:
But when that vertue gentlesesse doth honour
He is of right provided soueraigne,
Although his birth is poore, this is certaine.

Of this wife was Moses and Gedeon also,
The noble duke Iosuah of God himselfe elect,
And scripture reherseth eke of many moe, (iect,
Which though for their birth were poore & deYet were they for their vertue chosed to direct
And guide the people. So shortly it is true,
There is no gentleman saue only by vertue.

Then fader Tancrede in all your great houshold
Remember well your gentles in their gesture,
The guidance eke of Guistard if you list behold,
His lowly demeanance with all his hauiour,
I trow yee affirme that madam nature
Hath graunted more to him than many of tho
Which yee call gentlemen, tho all they bee not so.
And





GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

And truly I heard neuer such relation
In praise and laud of Guistards noblesse,
As I have often heard by your affertion
Commending his Vertues and his gentlenesse,
Yet was his vertue more than the name doubtless.
Hee that saith Guistard is no gentleman,
For sooth he saith yntrue and little good can.

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Had yee him called poore yee had not greatly erred,
And yet for footh it is great velony
To bee with you a gentleman unpreferred,
Such one as tends on your feruice daly,
A gentle maister bids not his man needy,
And though needic pouert take fro a man riches
Yet reues it not nursure nor gentlenesse.

As for your doubtfull ambiguity
What doome to give of mee, or what fentence,
Bee not in doubt thus nor perplexity,
Dye he, I dye with cruell violence:
For I was roote and cause of this offence.
For thy, if you will not my death complish,
These cruell honds my life shall soon finish.





THETRAGETIE OF

Which rightwife judge is vnto every wight,
My fault is more than his in ponderaunce:
Why then shold not her sword mee sharply smite
Sith that in my person is all the wite?
Reason wold that I shold have correction,
Which was the very cause & the occasion.

And if your pleasure be at my request

To chaunge his mortal fait with merciful pardon,
I for your finaunce give that ye love best,
Mine owne life I meane I give you to guerdon:
For sley yee Guistard, this is the conclusion,
Let your foolish hastines your doughter sley also:
For sf ye do it not, my selfe some shall it doe.

The prince her fader anone perceived well
Her chear nought abashed, her hert not feminine:
Yet thought her not soe tigrous and cruell
To procure her owne deth, and her mortall fine:
Hee thought her loues feruence world decline,
If the fire were not kindled ay new and new
By the fight of Guistard comfort of her hew.

Wherefore

T





GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

Wherefore Tancrede meaning his ire to complish,
Sent forth his men by night so privily
To sley Guistard. Oh Tancrede thou might wish
Sismond had not be borne: for her noble glory
Is macculate by this thy tirrany,
Commaunding the bloodie hart with violent force
Furiously be rent from his dead murdered corse.

Tancred hath closed this hart spret with blood round
In a cupe of gold in stead of sepulture,
And by a messenger sent it to Sismond,
Which doth her disigence with busic cure
Intending her owne deathfor to procure,
Of herbes androots to make a potion
Mixt in a viole with venemous poylon.

And what the bearer said shortly to expresse,
Madam, he saide, your father hath you sent
This woefull donative to your noblenesse,
The thing you loved best he sends you to present,
Telling you that it is his whole intent
To give you of Guistard such ioy and comforture,
As ye gave him of Sysmond. This was his pleasure.
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THE TRAGEDIE OF

Sissimond saw the hart closed in gold,
Linee vinderstoode her soueraigne was deed:
Alas now been deathes Kalenders so cold
Entred this Lady, now can shee no rede,
Now is she wan the flower of woman head
That sometime was the mirrour of fayrenes,
The orient margarite of all gentlenesse.

Voyde of all comfort fat the still dismaid,

Till at the last with bold hardy courage

Beholding the messenger, thus to him thee said,

It were ayen reason to put you in dammage

Onely for the doing of your message:

But for my fader I give you in witting,

Ye shall on my behalfe beare him no greeting.

For he resembleth more in his wood rage
A tyraunt than a prince ay thirsting for vengauce,
Which no whit couth his passion assume,
Nor all his life himselfe culd an aunce
To such worship, as when his violence
Let this heart be shrined in a tombe of gold,
And in this only his goodnes may be told.

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GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

And when the lift no lenger talke continue, Viewing the bloody hart in wofull sepulture, She gan his Executy with pitious intune, Saying with faynt spright; o peece so pure, Hostage of lowly lust, very port of pleasure, Curfed might he be and waried eternally Which causeth the be seene with mortalleye.

Sufficient was to me and eke more pleafaunt. To view the with my minde with thy lufty fight, Of true loue ay stedfast and not variant, It is too much to fee thee thus in light: But now thy courfe is done, thy counts are quite, Thus Fortune hath complished thy fatall fyne Buried in gold in stede of Lybitine.

I trow no lack was of what should behoue gatice, To deadly faite and service funerall, Saue teerling teares of her that was thy loue, For weeping shold be at departing mortall: Wherefore I trow my fader at thy bane fatall Hath fent thee to my chamber of full remembrance That I shuld bewailthy dethper soluing al observac.

said,





THE TRAGEDIE OF

And I shall fulfill with my power and might
All thing requisite to thy mortuarye:
And after all is done by cultom and right
I shall yeild my selfe to death tributarie,
Suing thy searefull trace: for sooth I shal not tary,
But among other in deathes wofull daunce,
Following next thy hond as is my fatall chaunce.

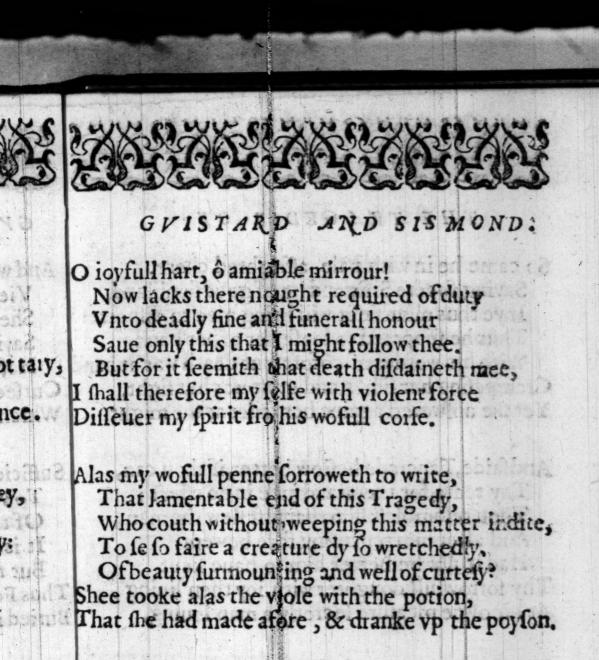
In whose felowship, or whose comitine,
Might I better passe that painefull iourney,
Than in his whom I loued most on line?
And also he tarreeth for me I dare well say:
Wherefore sith his partner was alway
Of pleasure; I shall take past of his payne,
Death shall not vs disseuer thus in twayne.

Sh

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And anon with that her chere she gan to turne,
Her eyne in weping ran like shows of rayne,
Till she had wash'd the hatt filling the vine
By the stilling water of her eyne twaine:
And after she had ceas d weeping againe
Beholding the hart againe with deadly chere,
With sobbing voice she saide as ye shall here.





After the had dronke that pestiferous drought.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF

So came he in with pale affrighted chere,
Saying sweete Sismond be of goodsembland,
If ye thus mourne it will bring mee to dispaire:
Thus he supposed to look her of her band
With his wordes of cofort, but death was at hand
Crampesing her limes, and gone was her sight,
Yet she answered againe her fader as she might,

And saide, Tancrede bestow better, if thou can,
Thy tears, for they stand mee in no essect:
Thou resemblest him that first slew the man,
And after him repenting fore bewept:
Had it not be better him to have kept
Thy sorrowfull doughter with ioy then living
At hir owne pleasure secretly a man louing,

Than to see by thy cruell execution

Her hard death to thine endles languor?

The which death shall bee a direction,

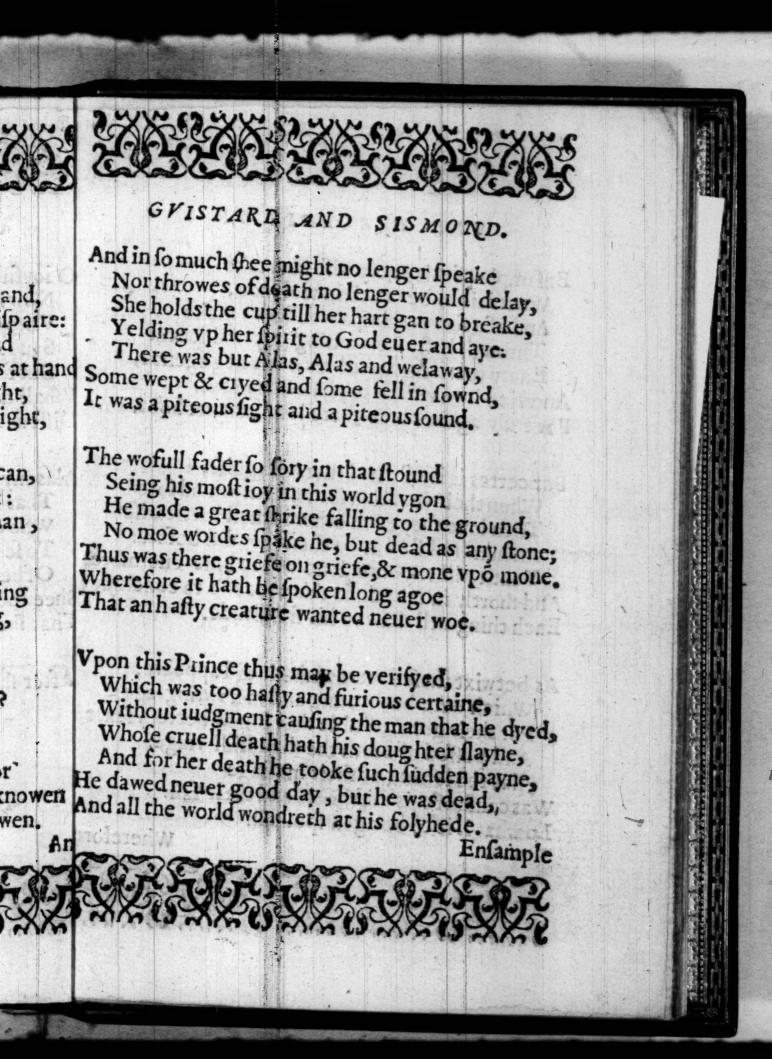
Giuing open knowledge of this error

The which was secret, but now the rumor

Shall make the thing which was not fully knowen

Through all the wide world to bee ouer sowen.







THE TRAGEDIE OF

Ensample of this every wise man take
What it is to be cruell in violence,
And of a secret thing a wonder to make
Through hasty ire wanting of providence:
Every man remember his owne negligence,
And vice into vertue to plant or to root:
For truly against love there is no manner boot.

For certes it is of true louers the guise,
When their vexation is most sharpe and fore
Then loue they each other in most harrie wise
An hundred fold more then they did before:
Youth will to youth, loue will to loue euermore,
And shortly in my minde this processe to conclude,
Each thing will draw to his similitude.

As betwixt these louers plainely did appeare,
Which were bothyoung and in flowring age:
For their great trouble they loued better yfeare,
And passed of death the dreadfull viage:
Alas the letting of their mariage
Was cause of this mischeete and their fall:
Lo what it is to be agen spousal!

Wherefore

T





GVISTARD AND SISMOND.

Wherefore that prince standeth in great perill,
That to the law of wedlock nold incline:
But as a tirant ouer feirce and fell
Caused Guistard be put in mortall fine:
Of whose soule if I should determine,
I trust to God his faithfull intention
Hath furtherd him to his saluation.

For why?he thought hone harme of earthly wight,
But to the will of Sissond did assent,
Notwithstonding that I trust to God almight
Shall be to his soule none impediment;
For to have bee maried was their intent:
Then recken the sorrow shee had withall
And great contrition to her end finall.

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As of faith and troth all louers surmounting,
See was a mirrour vnto women all,
Example of true and stedfast loue giuing:
Wherefore I befeech him that is of all thing.
Lord and gouernous, and comfort agen bale,
Graunt all louers ioy. And thus endeth my tale.

E

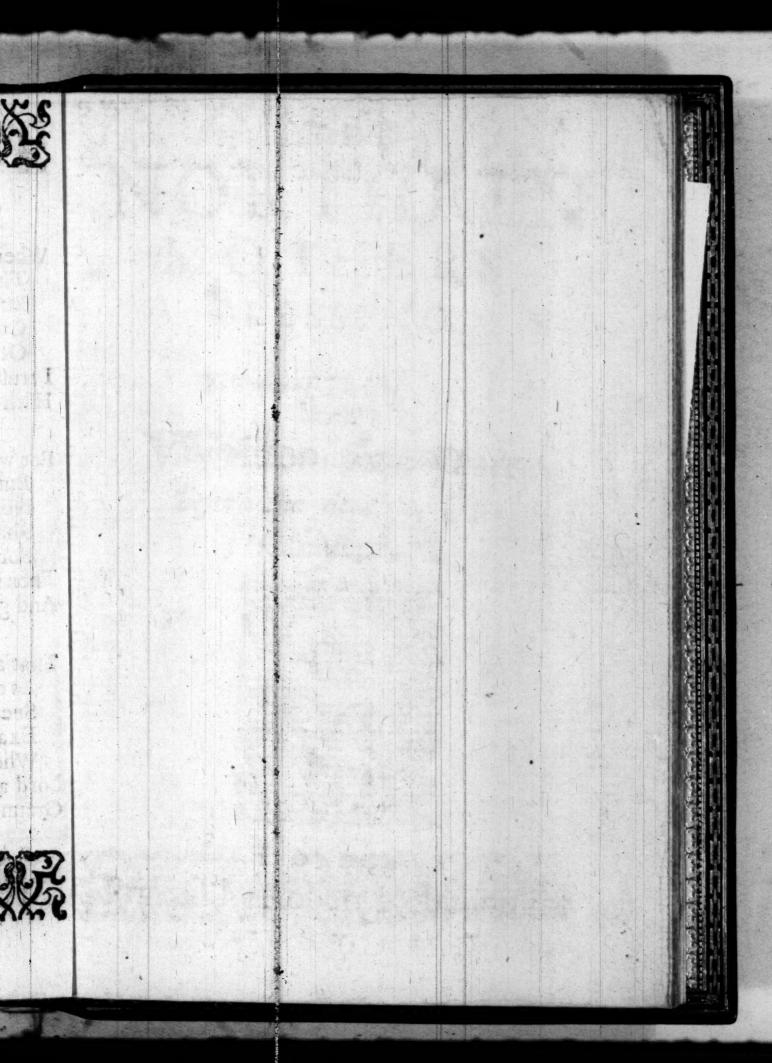


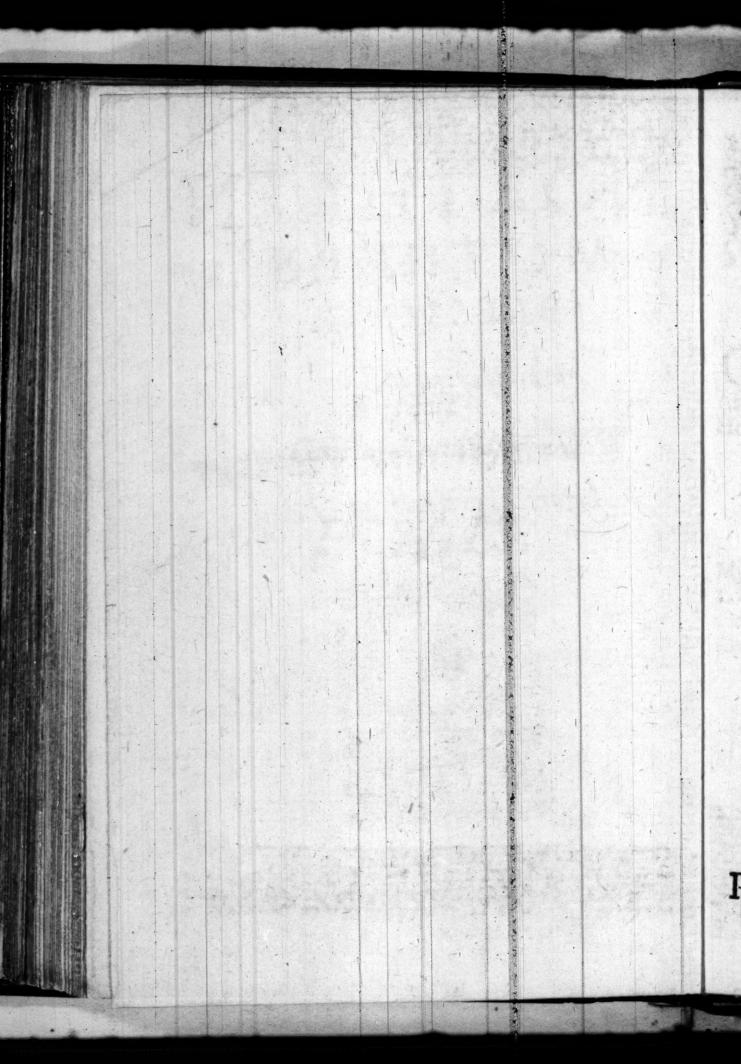
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Explicit
Guistard and Sismond.

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NORTHREN MOTHERS BLESSING

The way of Thrift.

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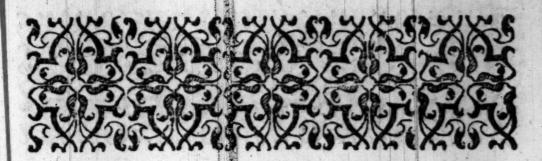
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Chaucer.



London,
Printed by Robert Robinson for
Robert Dexter. 1597.

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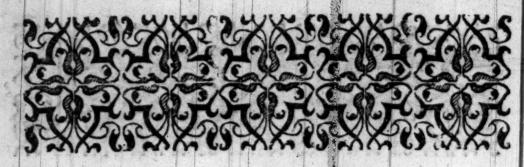
GOD wold that every wife that wonnyth in this GWold teach her coughter as ye shal vnderstand, As a good wife did of the North countré How her doughter should lere a good wife to beer For lack of the moders reaching Makes the doughter of euill living, My leve dere child.

My doughter gif thou be a wife, wifely thou werke,
Looke euer thou loue God and the holy Kirke,
Go to Kirke when thou may, and let for no rayne,
And then shall thou fare the bet, when thou God
Full well may they thriue
That seruen God in their liue,
My leue dere child.

E 4

Gladly





Gladly give thou thy tithes and thine offrings both
To the poore at thy gate, be thou never loath;
Gif hem of thy good, and be not over hard;
Seldom is that house poore there God is steward:
For that is best I spende,
That for Gods love I lend.
My leeve deere childe.

When thou fits in the Kirke thy Redes shalt thou bid,
Therein make no iangling with friend ne fib,
Laugh not to scorne nodir old ne young,
Be of good bering and haue a good tongue:
For after thy bering,

So shall thy name spring, My leeue dere child.

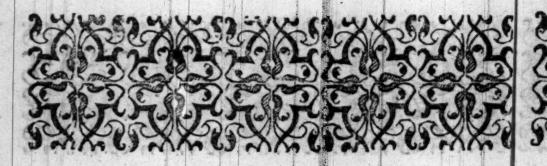
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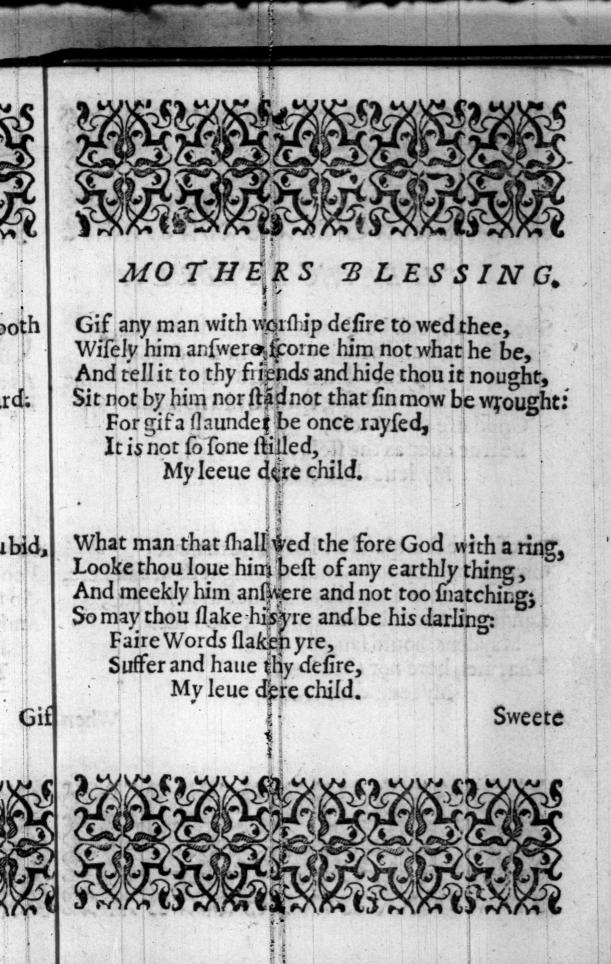
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Sweete of spech be thou and of milde moode,
True in word and dede, so bids our Lord God,
And keepe the euer doughter fro velony and shame
That men for thy doing speake the no blame:
Good life ends wele,
Be true euer as the stele,
My leue dere child,

Be of fayre sembland and of good manere,
Change not thy contrance for ought thou can here,
Ne fare not as a giglot what ever thee betyde,
Laugh not too loud ne gape not too wide:
Maydens should laugh softly:

That men here not they bee.

My leue dere child.

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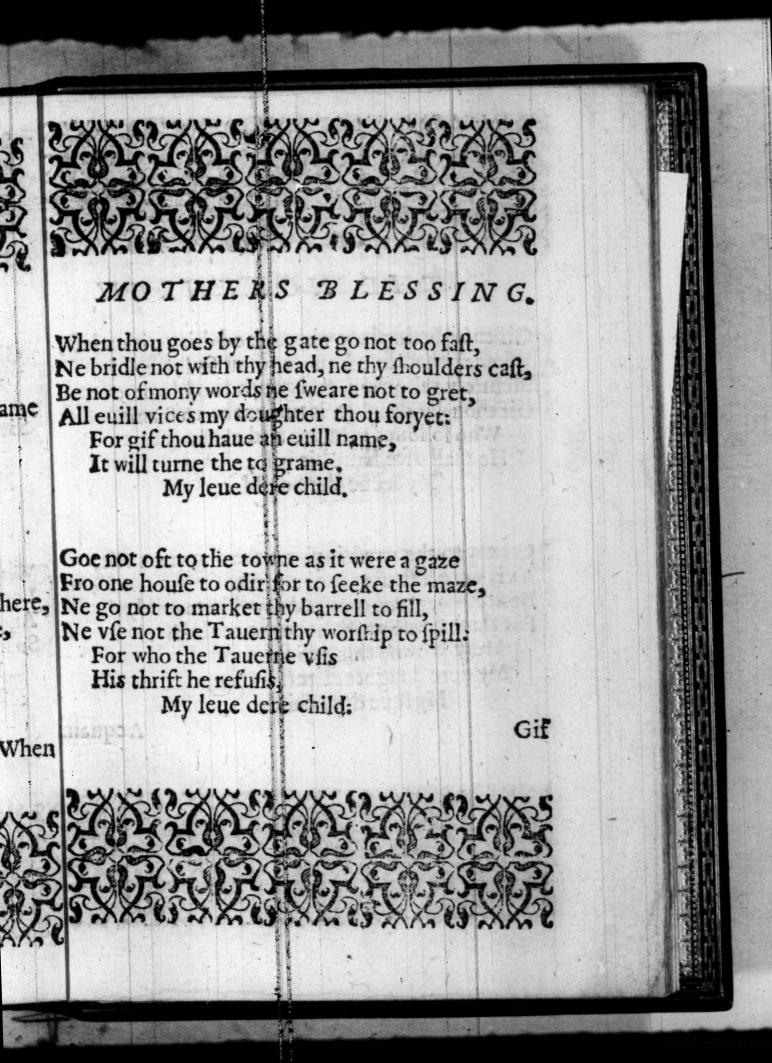
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Gif thou be in place where good drinke is on loft,
Wheder that thou serue or thou sit softe,
Mesurely take thou, and get the no blame;
Gif thou be drunken it turnes the to shame.
Who so loves measure and skill,
He shall ofte have his will,
My leeve dere chi.d.

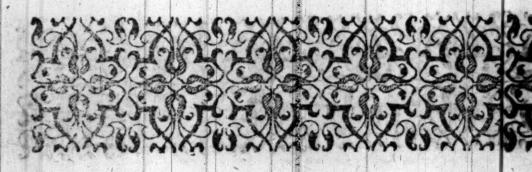
Go not to the wrastling, ne shoting the cock,
As it were a strumpet or a giglot:
Be at home doughter and the things tend,
For thine owne profit at the atter end:
Mery is owne thing to see,
My dere doughter I tell it thee,
My leue dere child.

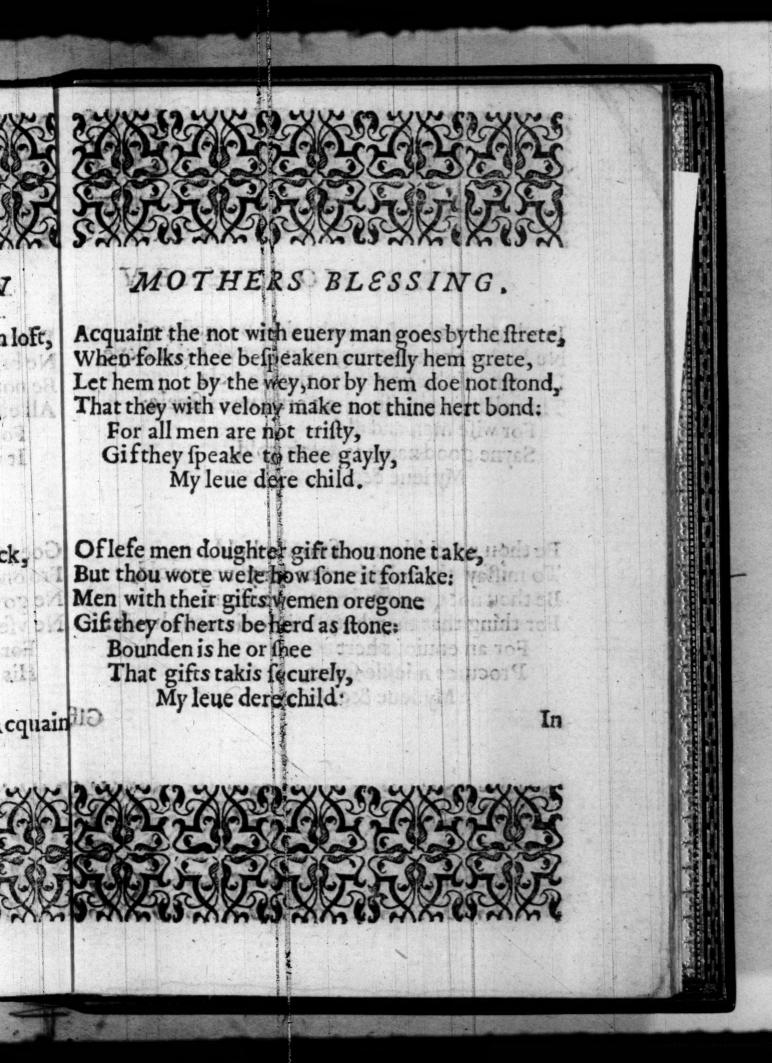
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In odur mens housen make thee no mastrye.

Ne blame thou nothing thou sees with thine eye,

Doughter I the prey bere thee so wele

That all men may sey thou art true as steele:

For wise men and old

Sayne good name is worth gold,

My leue &c.

Be thou no chider ne of wordis bold,
To missay thy neighburs neder young neold,
Be thou not too proud ne too enuious
For thing that may bety de in odir mens house?

For an enuious hert
Procures mickle smert,
My leue &c.





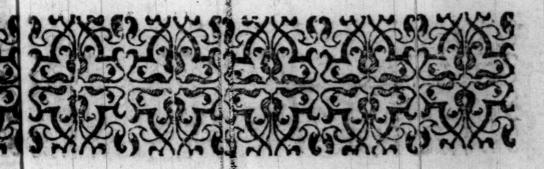
Gif thy neighburs have rich instore or tyre
Therefore make thou no strife ne bren not as fire,
But thanke God of goods he has thee yeuen,
And so shalt thou doughter good life liven.
For oft at ease he is
That loves peace I wis,

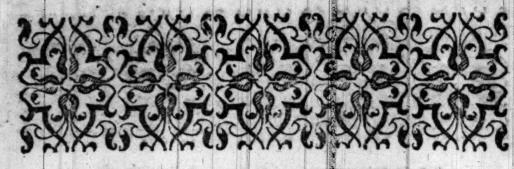
My leue &c.

Gif

Huswifely shall thou go on the werk-day,
Pride, rest, and idlenes put hem cleane away,
And after on the holyday well clad shalt thou be
The haliday to worship, God will loue the,
More for worship of our lord
Than for pride of the world.
My lene &c.

Mekle





Mekill shame doughter shall that wife tyde
That maken poore their husbond with their great
Therefore doughter be huswife good, (pride:
After the wren has vaines men may let blood.
For their thrift wexis thin

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That spend more than they win,
My leue dere child.

Wisely looke thy houshold thy meynye,
To bitter ne to boner with hem ne bee,
And looke what neede is best to be done
And thereto set thy meiney sone:
Before done deede

Another may speede My leue &c.





MOTHERS BLESSING.

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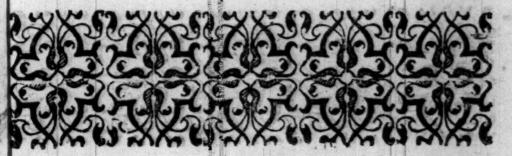
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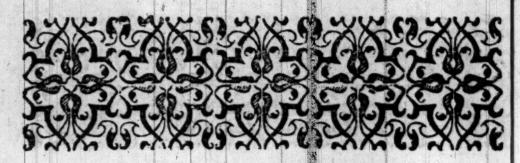
Looke to thy meyny and let them not be ydell,
Thy husband out, looke who does much or litell
And he that does well quite him his meede
And gif he doe amiffe amend thou him bidde,
And gif the work be great and the time strait
Set to thy hond, and make a huswifes brayd
For they will do better gif thou by them stond

For they will do better gif thou by them stond, The worke is sone; done there as is many hond My leue &c.

And looke what thy men doon, & about hem wed,
At every deede done be at the tone end
And gif thou finde any fault soone it amend,
Eft will they doe the better and thou be nere hand
Mikell him behoves to doe
A good house that will looke to.
My leve &c.

Looke





Looke all thing be well when they worke leaven,
And take thy keyes to the when it is even
Looke all thing be well, and let for no shame
And gif thou so do, thou gets thee the lasse blame.
Trust no man bett than thy selfe
Whilest thou art in thy helth:
My leve &c.

Borrow not too gladly, ne take not to trest
But the more neede it make or the more breste
Make the not rich of oder mens thing
The bolder to spend the worse thriuing
For at the ending
Home will the borrowed thing
My leue &c.





MOTHERS BLESSING.

Giue thy meiney their hire at the terme-day Wheder they abiden, or els gone away Be wife euer doughter of their doing That thy friende may have joy of thy prouing Loofe not the one of thy frind, For a litle that thou mighft spend. My leus &cc.

Now have I taught the doughter, fo did my moder And therfore do therafter gif thou think to the (mee Look or thou wed any ma, that he have agood name True of hand and tongue without any blame:

For better it is a childe to be vnborne, Than for vnteaching to be forlorne.

My leue &c.

Sic





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Of

Sit not at even too long at gaze with the cup
For to wasfell and drinke all vppe,
So to bed betimes, at morne rise belive
And so may thou better learne to thrive:
He that woll a good house keepe
Must ofte-times breake asleepe.
My leve &c.

Gif it betide doughter thy friend fro the fall
And god fend the children that for bread will call,
And thou have mickle neede, helpe litle or none,
Thou must then care and spare hard as the stone:
For euill that may betide,
A man before should dread,
My leve &c.





MOTHERS BLESSING.

Of all thing doughter looke thou thinke,
Gif men wold for worthip fet thee on the benk
Be not too statly doughter noder young ne old,
For some folk are now pore that somtime ware gold:
Many folk for pride
After weren a naked side.
My leue &c.

Gif thou be a rich wife be not ouer hard
Welcome thy neighbours that come the toward,
Giue hem meat and drink, the more is thy meed
Each bodie to his state shold give the pore at need:
For thing that may thee betide
Loue well thy neighbour thee beside
My leve &c.

II,

Take





Take heed to thy children which thou hast born
And wait wel to thy doughters that they be not forAnd put hem betime to their mariage (lorne
And give them of thy good when they be of age.
For maydens bene louely,

But they bin vntrusty. My leue &c.

Gif thou loue thy children hold thou hem lowe
And gif any of hem middo banne hem not ne blow
But take a good finant rod and Beat hem arowe
Till they cry mercy and their gilts bee know.
For gif thou loue thy children wele
Spare not the yard neuer a deale.
My leue &c.

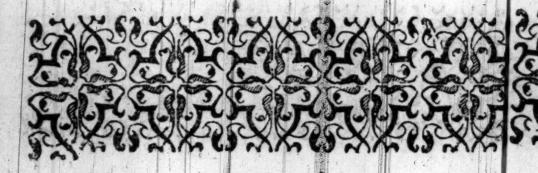
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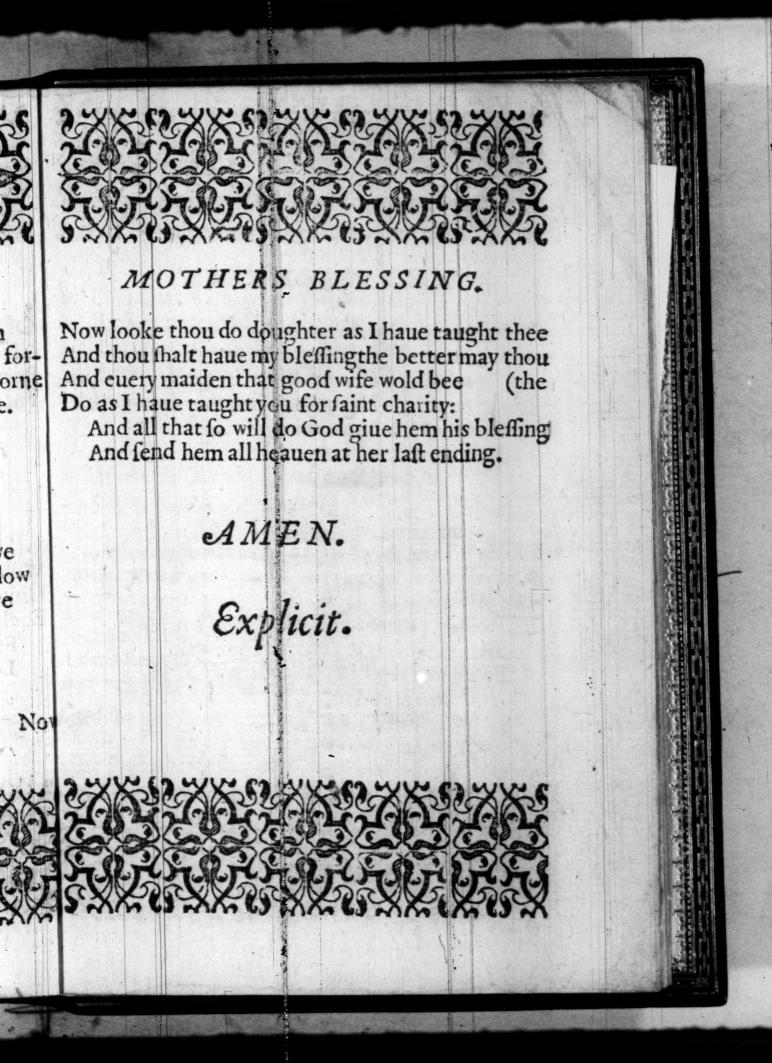
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THE WAT TO Thrift.

L Ord God what is this worldes wele, Riches, reuell and great aray? Nothing to spare, and all day to spill, Full sone it wastes and weares awey.

When plenty may no lenger paye
What wight with him wold then abide?
A carefull man both night and day
With heavie hart his head must hide,

And all is for default of grace,
That God grutches ayenst our gouernaunce
When measure may not medle in place,
What is it to a man more grieuance,

Than sodenly fro manhood for to fall In pride his simple purueyance There pouertie is steward in hall: But hee that can in some season

Gedder and keepe or that hee grynde In winter tyme by way of reason Hee shall not be farre behinde. For ther as measure is in mynde





THE WAY TO THRIFT.

Good rule may not long faile, Yet beware to bee ouer kinde For skoring in the comiter tayle; But wele and worship with welfare Mickle wastes with little winne Full soone brings a housholder bare, With large spending both out and in, Then bee aduised or thou beginne That thou have none need to plaine Think what a state thou standest in For Pouerty is a prime payn, And if thou have hope of help and trift Of lords and ladies with her pleasance And yet beware of Had I wist For old enuy makes new distaunce In pride and pouerty is great penaunce And yet is danger most disease Here is a cumberrouse acquaintance When noder of hem oder pleafe For Had I wist comes ever too late

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THE WAY TO THRIFT.

When there lackes both lock and key, What nede is then to spare the yat When nothing is leaved in the way With a pennyleffe purfe for to pay How can he then his people please Many a man had a lene dye, As long to line in such disease, A bare beard may foon bee shauen There as is none heyre about It faireth as a man that mickle wold hauen And is not else but pore and proud, But euer ready in ilke rout And lay to wed both pot and panne When the fire clean is blowne out Where shall wee go dyne than? What need is it to delue deep, There as is no feed to lowe? The pot is easie for to keep When all the fat is onerblowe, Noder for the kyte ne for the crow.

Incumber





THE WAY TO THRIFT.

Incumber not thine owne nest
Too mickle bend will breake thy bow
When the game is alder best
Ensample men may see all day.

Yet keep I no man to defend Hie houshold and great aray Is Lords life and Ladies game, When gladshippe growes into grame

And for need must begge and borrowe, First comes pride and after shame, And from solace turnes to suddain sorrow.

FIN IS.



